

# The Bloomfield Record.

S. MORRIS HULIN, Proprietor. Established 1873.

Devoted to Home News, Local Improvement and the Public Welfare.

Subscription Two Dollars Per Annum. Office, 29 Broad Street

VOL. XVII. NO. 10.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY APRIL 23, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## INDEPENDENT POLITICAL NOTE AND COMMENT.

Considering the very light vote cast in the Township election, the vote recorded for the Independent Republican ticket was remarkable. While it endorsed the party candidates, it rebuked excessive and unwise appropriations. The Township Committee would do well to recognize the necessity of economy rather than the demands of office-seekers in making appointments and fixing salaries for the present year. Notwithstanding the liberal amounts sanctioned by the majority vote, the Committee have now an opportunity to meet the known wishes of the unrecorded majority of Bloomfield taxpayers by the exercise of wisdom and economy in making appointments and fixing salaries.

Reference to the Township report shows that the license moneys received by the township amount now to more than \$5,000 a year. If this sum should be devoted to a judicious and proper expenditure for the police and poor departments combined it would be found ample, and yet there is at the disposal of the Committee, aside from the license money, \$3,500 voted for a poor fund and a like amount for police purposes. Then, in regard to "keeping sewers in repair and working order," for which \$1,175 has been voted, there is no necessity for any such expenditure. The office of "Sewer Inspector" that has been created should be abolished. The Superintendent of Roads should inspect the sewers, also he should inspect all new sewer work done, in addition to his duties of road inspection, which all admit are not onerous even in the busiest season of road making and repairs.

Elsewhere in the report of the Township Committee organization it is stated that Mr. Thomas H. Albionson, the new member, "took the chair vacated by Seymour P. Gilbert and Mr. James H. Moore the chair vacated by C. W. Powers." These changes in the Township government, and the appointment of the committees as made for the ensuing year indicate a prospect for the better in at least one respect. The long-continued Republican factional differences between Messrs. Powers and Gilbert in local politics are removed by the retirement of both gentlemen, and the leaving out of the new Democratic member from any participation in the working committees, partisan though it is, indicates that harmony is to prevail. Mr. Albionson will therefore occupy a stronger position than if mixed up in sub-committee work. He will not be as lonesome next year as this in committee work. Revolutions do not go backward and a revolt against bossism and mere party rule in Bloomfield affairs has started.

Committeeman Moore as Chief of Police seems already to be the right man in the right place. Though absent from town during the business hours of the day, the new Chief is within earshot so to speak, and people are looking for a more satisfactory police service than they have had, if for no other than the simple reason that Mr. Moore is a plain business man and not a politician in the common acceptance of the word.

The Lincoln Republican Club in voting to expel Robert Young because he helped to defeat Noah Hampson, the "regular" Republican candidate for Committeeman, took action that Mr. Young can find no fault with, but the name of the club ought forthwith to be changed to The Powers or Hampson Republican Club. The close following turn-down of Mr. Young as Health Inspector, the duties of which office he has performed with entire satisfaction, brought about last night through the Health Board, has at least the semblance and ill-smelling flavor of "peanut politics," unless it can be shown that the township interest is to be served by putting Mr. Young out. Reviewing all the circumstances, we congratulate Mr. Young upon the independent political action he took; also that he is no longer a member of the un-American and mis-named Lincoln Club; also that the politico-Calvinistic doctrine of "preterition" has been brought to bear, casting him out of Bloomfield's elect heaven of office-holders. And this leads THE RECORD to say that partyism in Bloomfield, as elsewhere, is in need of fumigation, if the tax-paying health and prosperity of the people are to be maintained. If Health Inspector Young, outside of his strictly official functions, did a little in the line of political renovation in the Third Ward, the better sort of Republicans will stand by him if "the machine" and the elect saints will not.

THE RECORD, throughout more than twenty years of independent newspaper-

work in Bloomfield, has proved that independence can at least maintain a foothold, and from stern experience it recommends to young politicians as well as old ones the proverb: "Better a clean crust than a dirty loaf."

## Building and Loan Economy.

The circular just issued by one of the local building and loan associations makes a very satisfactory showing as the result of matured shares in the first and second series of stock issued to both borrowers and investors. Says the attractive circular: "Happy men and women received cancelled mortgages or big checks, and are loud in their praises for the association, to whom they declare they owe all their prosperity."

Then "How they did it" is set forth by the following statement:

\$1.00 per share each month, 130 months.....\$130.00  
Profits 70.00  
Amount paid at close of series.....\$200.00  
Equal to 84 per cent on money paid in."

Since a building and loan association as managed must be made up about equally of both borrowers and lenders, how is it possible for "84 per cent on money paid in" to be actually obtained as profit by both?

It seems to be an impossibility of financing, but possibly it can, besides being figured out in black and white, be explained and made clear. Will some one of the building and loan experts do this for the enlightenment of the public and removal of doubt?

As it appears to an outsider, two classes, borrowers and lenders, cannot both make profits, since what one gains in that way the other must necessarily lose. To build a house upon the building and loan plan, as it appears to many, is exactly similar in its operation and results to filling the borrower's house with furniture upon the installment plan of purchase and interest paying, except that it is more equitable to buy furniture that way, even if 8 or 10 per cent interest is paid on the loan, provided the interest account is reduced as the loan is paid off. In the building and loan association, when a loan of \$1,000 is made interest is charged at 6 per cent on said amount, and is collected monthly during the whole term of say eleven years, by which time \$660 interest has been paid together with installments upon the loan amounting during the same period to a like amount—\$660. The total amount paid, then, is \$1,320, being \$320 over the loan, or one half the amount of interest he would pay upon his loan had he obtained it from an insurance company or bank, but that advantage is more than balanced by the loss of interest he sustains by not receiving interest upon the installments of principal he pays back to the association from the start, \$5 each month. Does not the borrower in fact pay at least fifteen per cent interest upon his loan?

## The Vocal Club Concert.

The Associate members and friends of the Ladies' Vocal Club of Glen Ridge gave its second private concert in the Congregational Church their hearty support on Tuesday evening; in fact the usual supplementary camp seats were called for in order to seat the late comers who presented cards at the door after the permanent sittings had been filled. In response to the requests of a number of the associate members who called for something less classical for this concert, the composition of the programme was in somewhat lighter vein than formerly; however, the eight numbers which the ladies of the Club gave in the course of the evening were sustained in their customary pleasing style and were generously applauded.

The Cecilian Male Quartette, Mrs. Stedman Jones, harpist, and Miss Grace Wadgate Dam, pianist, was the musical talent enlisted to assist the club on this occasion. Through some mismanagement due to carelessness on the part of the railroad officials, Mrs. Jones' instrument did not reach Glen Ridge and Mr. J. Appleton Wade, the conductor, was obliged to apologize for its non-appearance, although its performer was present at the concert.

This left the responsibility of the instrumental portion of the programme largely upon the ability of Miss Dam, which she maintained with great ease and skill. Her contributions were most acceptably rendered. One novel feature was in part second where she and Miss Mary Reno Pinney, the accompanist, performed, two pianos being used in this number.

The Cecilian Quartette was also a pleasing accession and they held the audience intent with the merit of their vocalizations, winning deservedly the hearty applause which always greeted them at the close of any of their engaging selections.

## HOW A WHOLE TOWN WAS RUINED BY THE RUBBER TRUST.

From The San Francisco Examiner.

They have not yet reached the starving point.

But they are on its verge.

The village of Milltown, in New Jersey, lies dead—throttled by the rubber trust.

A few years ago Milltown was a thriving, prosperous town. People had plenty of work, the butcher and the grocer were promptly paid, and everyone was going to have a home of his own.

If you were to make inquiries today in New Brunswick, the largest place near Milltown you would be assured that the factory village founded by sturdy, thrifty Christopher Meyer a half a century ago, is represented least in the courts and jails of all the towns in that section. Fights and brawls were unknown and no one dreamed of locking his door at night in Milltown.

Today ruin and despair walk hand in hand through the streets. The great rubber factory is "closed indefinitely," and 500 men and women sit brooding in their homes appalled at existence and dreading that first, faint, frightful wail of hunger from their children.

Then came the rubber trust.

Three years ago the combination of New England and New Jersey rubber companies was formed. The Meyer factory was drawn into the coils.

Then came reduction after reduction of wages, until the fathers and husbands could not possibly earn enough to supply those dependent on them with the necessities of life. The wives and mothers, in addition to child-bearing, nursing and housekeeping, were forced to enter the factory in order to keep the pot boiling and the fire roaring.

It was not only difficult to pay the grocer the butcher and the coal man, but scarcely enough money could be raked and scraped together to meet the monthly payments due the association. But the homes—the homes—the homes they had struggled so to make; these sacred little spots they had tended and nurtured where the babies have been born and grown to toddling youngsters, they must be saved at the cost of everything.

So the elder children were taken from school and sent into the factory.

Almost all the family are there now.

Just two days before that inauguration day which was to usher in a glorious era of prosperity, the factory was closed, "until further notice."

And all the family was shut out to starve. "I thought I should die," said one of the women, "when my man came in on Tuesday and threw up his arms, calling out that all was over. And then he burst out crying like a baby."

"Had he nothing saved up?"

"How could he, ma'am? He was one that was discharged the day before Christmas, when they were reducing hands. Thirteen weeks he had been without work. We have seven children, and we have to pay \$10 a month to the Building and Loan. Not much chance for a man to save, is there?"

"Can't you go somewhere—to some place where there is work?"

"How are we going to move, ma'am? It costs money to move."

"Couldn't you sell your things?"

"How can we sell, ma'am? It costs money to buy. And every one here is as poor as we are now. We are all alike. Our stories are all the same. Besides—the woman choked and hesitated—"besides, ma'am, for 13 years we've been trying to pay for our home. Oh, we can't give it up—we can't give it up!"

What answer is there to that cry of agony? I went to see Mrs. Dehart, a widow, who worked for 30 years in the rubber factory. Now, remember, Mrs. Dehart is not a pauper. She owns her little house and tiny patch of lawn. But you can't eat grass nor drink timber. So Mrs. Dehart, although a property holder, felt herself obliged to work in the factory to meet the expenses of existence.

"I have been a hard-working woman all my life," she said, simply and directly; "I never thought to live to see such days in Milltown. I can't believe sometimes that I am awake. I keep hoping and hoping that the trust will do what is right. Mr. Evans, that is the superintendent, feels just as bad as any of us. He never wanted the Meyer factory to go into the trust. And when the order came to shut down he was so white that if you had stabbed him, ma'am, I don't believe he would have bled. He will do all he can for us; of that I am sure. Yes, it's hard for me, for I am an old woman, but after all, it's harder for them that has children."

"Is there any actual want here yet?"

"Well, perhaps not, just yet. But the storekeepers are poor men. They've got to live, you know. They will trust for a couple of months, but no longer. And you can't blame them. Why, here is Mrs. Johnson," indicating a refined-looking woman in black. "She's had to close her store. She's pretty near ruined. Her husband has just died and she can't make the store pay expenses. So she had to shut it up."

"Then here is Mrs. Evans," she continued, pointing out a dear little old lady with a kind, motherly face, who sat by, listening to the conversation. "She owns a lot of cottages here, and she can't get any rent. Why, some of her tenants haven't been able to give her a cent for months."

"And what do you propose to do, Mrs. Evans?" I asked, turning to her. "Are you going to put women and children out into the street?"

"Indeed, ma'am, no," she said earnestly. "I couldn't do that under any circumstances. Why, I know the people would pay me if they could. They are all honest, hard-working people. They paid their rent when they had sufficient work and proper pay. You can't squeeze blood out of a turnip."

"No, Mrs. Evans, I can't, but the rubber trust can."

"Well, it does seem as if it was trying to," returned the kind woman, as with a heavy sigh she again took up her knitting again.

"I'll tell you where to go," suddenly said Mrs. Dehart. "You go and see Annie Thompson. She's about as bad off as anybody in this town. Why I remember her when she was well and strong and ambitious, but now—she broke off and shook her head ominously."

"Has she any children?"

"Three, she had six. Her husband almost killed himself working to keep a roof over their heads and body and soul together. So, last July, Annie went into the factory, too. She worked awful hard. But you go see her."

I took my way down the hill past the closed factory, whose windows stared coldly, insolently, impassively at the little groups of idle men, who stood talking, some dejectedly, some angrily, some threateningly.

I came late in the afternoon to the Thompson cottage, a double house, inhabited by two families. The doctor's buggy stood in front and the doctor himself was just coming out of the door.

"Can I see Mrs. Annie Thompson?" I asked.

"If you don't talk her to death," he snapped. "She's had a very bad turn."

I entered the room.

It was the little parlor of the family. Everything was very plain, but neat. There were a few pictures on the wall and vases on the mantel, and in the window was a stand of plants, pink verbenas, crimson petunias, white geraniums. It was a home—a poor little home, it is true—but one that a brave woman had loved and sought to defend.

A bed had been set up in one corner of this little parlor, and on it, whiter than the white geraniums in the window, with great, hollow, unfathomable eyes, lay this defender of her home, done to her death—a victim of the trust.

"I remember when she was young and well and strong," old Mrs. Dehart had said, "but go see her for yourself."

I shall never shut out that scene from my memory—the little room, the flowers in the window, and the great questioning eyes looking beyond me toward eternity. "Do not talk," I urged; "I do not wish to make you worse."

A question! And could that question be the one demanded so bitterly by the woman who sat despondently at the sick woman's bed: "Where is God, and why does He permit such things?"

## War and Education.

According to statistics given in a French newspaper, the little republic of Switzerland, where the initiative and referendum prevails, is the only European country that pays more for the support of education than for war, the proportion being at the rate of 87 cents per head for education to \$5 for war. At this time when the Greeks and the Turks, the Christian Cross and the Moslem Crescent, are engaged in needless war, the table given of the expense per head respectively for war and education by the "civilized" and "Christianized" peoples of Europe is an interesting study.

	War.	Education.
Belgium.....	\$1.49	\$.50
Germany.....	2.47	.48
Holland.....	3.75	.56
Italy.....	1.88	.37
Austria.....	1.41	.35
British.....	3.87	.64
Denmark.....	1.87	1.00
Russia.....	2.33	.68
France.....	4.18	.78
Switzerland.....	.85	.87

One of the foremost educators of the century, John Ruskin, says: "While the daily teaching of God's truth, doing of His justice, and heroic bearing of His sword, are to be required of every human soul according to its ability, the mercenary professions of preaching, law giving and fighting must be entirely abolished."

## Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Toilet Articles, &c. GEORGE M. WOOD, PHARMACIST.

20 BROAD STREET.  
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN  
To the Accurate Compounding of Physicians' Prescriptions.  
OPEN SUNDAYS  
From 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. From 3 to 6 P. M.  
And from 7 to 9 in the evening.

## LOUIS J. MEUSER, PHARMACEUTICAL Dispensing Chemist, PARK PHARMACY

178 Broad St. Bloomfield  
Prescriptions carefully compounded day or night at city prices

Petty's beef, iron and wine, 50c.  
Petty's quinine, 2 gr. capsules, per doz., 8c.  
Petty's cod liver oil, half-pint bottle, 25c.

Hot chocolate, coffee, ginger or lemon, 5c. a drink; hot clam broth or beef tea, 10c. a drink.

At those prices you can get these drinks most anywhere. But if the best prepared are wanted—those containing nothing but healthy ingredients, take your drink at Petty's. Your friends will tell you the same—if you ask them.

Go to Petty's.

NEVER CLOSED

Prudential Pharmacy, Broad, north of Market St., Newark. Petty's other store 225 Broad St.

NEVER CLOSED Prudential pharmacy.

PETTY: HE PUTS UP PRESCRIPTIONS

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

## PETTY'S AND PHARMACY, 225 Broad St., NEWARK, N. J.



Spring Lamb

is more tender and toothsome just now than at any other time of the season. We have a good supply to satisfy your wants. If you do your buying here, you may rest assured that you are getting the best that the market affords.

## HECKEL BROS. CENTRE MARKET, Telephone 20

## JOHN G. KEYLER & SON General Furnishing UNDERTAKERS

AND EMBALMERS.  
Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield.

Everything Pertaining to the Business Furnished.

## DAY, Caterer and Confectioner.

A Special Line of Chocolates and Fine Candies at the Lowest Prices.

DELMONICO AND FRENCH CREAM

A SPECIALTY.  
Cakes, Pies and Fruits Supplied at Lowest Rates.  
Bloomfield Center.

## THE BLOOMFIELD BEE-HIVE

A full line of Fine Millinery

AT HARRIS BROS.

Central Building, BLOOMFIELD

## PARLOR TABLES

Given Away Free! Free!

Just received 5,000 tables from the largest factory in the country, at a great sacrifice. This table has two shades, and are usually sold at 50c. each. Will be given away from this week to all purchasers of 1 lb. of our well known 50c. or 60c. Tea, any flavor. Remember, our Tea and Coffees have taken first prize at the State Fair.

Butter—Direct from Elgin. None better at any price,..... 20c. lb.  
Eggs—Received daily..... 10c. doz.  
Shoulders—Sugar cured and smoked in the city daily..... 6c. lb.  
Corn—Good quality..... 5c. can.

Reductions have been ordered in all our departments.

Hornby's Oats, package, 11c.  
Quaker Oats, package, 8c.  
Petty's Biscuits, 10c.  
Choice Salmon, can, 11c.  
Small French Peas, can, 7c.  
Romaine Asparagus Tips, can, 10c.  
Choice Sucrotash, can, 7c.  
Pammy Arrow Beans, quart, 11c.  
Pure Maple Sugar, lb., 21c.

## Our Combination.

24 lbs. Granulated Sugar, 1 can Condensed Milk, 1 lb. 50c. Tea, any flavor, all for 50 cts

## S. SCHEUER & CO.

570 Bloomfield Avenue.

## DIAMONDS

WATCHES, RINGS, BROOCHES, STUDS, EAR DROPS, STICK PINS.

Sterling Silver (9.25) Toilet Ware and Novelties.

We are making a special drive on a line of Pearl and Diamond Pendants. Don't fail to see them.

## J. FRANK BEERS

607 Broad Street, Newark.

Opposite Trinity Church.

BLOOMFIELD TROLLEY CARS PASS THE DOOR.

## Careful People

Buy where they get best values. We cannot be outdone in

Jewelry, Watches, Diamond Jewelry, Cut Glass, Silverware, Cutlery, etc.

## Poor Eyes

Made good in our Optical Office. You are guaranteed satisfaction here. Good glasses at \$1.00 per pair. Gold rims, \$5.00. L. B. HILBORN (R. O.) in charge.

## J. WISS & SONS.

Present for every occasion. Watches and Jewelry cleaned and repaired. Cutlery ground at short notice.

755 BROAD STREET 755

NEWARK, N. J.